EMANCIPATION IN BRAZIL. THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE EMPIRE AND ITS RESULTS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Rio de Janeiro, September 5.

Three times within the present century the history of Brazil has presented a most singular spectacle-that of a nation rising to an intense enthusiasm that bore down all obstructions. The first was when Dom Pedro L-then Acting-Regent of King John of Portugal-expressing the sentiments of the Brazilian people, uttered the memorable words " Independence or death," which, without the shedding of blood, banished Portuguese rule from the American Continent. The second was when, six years later, the same monarch, sorrowfully pacing the floors of the Imperial palace, waited for the end of the discussion in Parliament that gave voice to the universal demand for constitutional liberty, and, when the paper was laid before him, signed the abdication which made him an exile. The third was when, on the 13th of last March, the Princess Regent Isabel, in behalf of her Imperial father, Dom Pedro II., signed the Emancipation Decree, breaking the last shackles from the African race on the American Continent, and made the air ring with acclamations of delight.

Succeeding years have shown the beneficial results of the two first ebullitions of what seemed rather a wild impulse than a reasoned course of action. That the remote effects of this third outbreak of enthusiasm will also prove beneficial, there is no reason to doubt. Of its immediate effects there is more chance for speculation. In the northern part of the empire, where the sugar industry is waning, and where many planters and the majority of townsmen had anticipated the act of freeing their slaves, the opinion is expressed that the final act of emancipation has really made little difference. In the greater number of instances the former slaves remain contentedly with their former masters, receiving wages in place of their former undefined claim of protection and support. In this city, the centre of the coffee trade, a feeling is expressed that emancipation has doomed the coffee interest of Brazil, p tetically its one agricultural interest, because it will now impossible to continue cultivation in large plantations, and equally impossible to cultivate the crop advantageously in small patches.

The reason assigned is the poverty of the landowners and the laborers. Slavery has in 300 years produced the same uneconomic conditions here as elsewhere. Notwithstanding the fact that imposts on coffee gave the Imperial Treasury four-fifths of its entire domestic receipts, each year's crop was mortgaged in advance for the year's outlay. Thus when at the end of 300 years the Emancipation Act frees the slave, it finds the planter with an empty pocket-book. Even could he do without an income from his lands for an indefinite period, and should be parcel out such lands among his freedmen, allotting to each a portion equal to what his labor cultivated how can the freedman plant the trees and wait three years till they come to bearing? Nav. he cannot care for those already in bearing when he must cultivate plants for ready food; and in the meantime himself, his master and the empire necessarily suffer loss, for the coffee tree, if-neglected but for a single season, is rained.

The Government of Brazil is paternal, and in this instance has been true to its theory and come to the rescue of the planters. It has borrowed English capital to the amount of \$3,000,000, which it has loaned without interest to the Bank of Rio de Janeiro on condition of its adding an equal sum. making a fund of \$6,000,000 which is to be loaned (and is being loaned) to planters at a rate not ex eding 6 per cent. With this they can hire laborers for this and next year. Under such an arrangement this industry is being prosecuted at present with unabated energy, and the threatened crisis is at least postponed, and the Government has presumably forestalled a "corner" in coffee. Still, observers insist that this is but a temporary expedient, and that the crisis must come. great Brazilian industry, they say, has been mocked on the head by emancipation. When this loan is exhausted another year's need will demand another year's loan, and it is absurd, they add, to presume that a Government, which from the sugar, coffee, gold and diamond crops of sixty-six years has not been able to pay the loan that purchased the Imperial crown, can go on always borrowing to feed its coffee hills. In the minds of these Virgin Mary nation must fellow the changed condition of unmixed evil to a nation whose rivers offer unrivalled facilities for commerce and water-power for manufactories: whose mountain ranges abound in all known minerals; whose forests contain timber of unexcelled quality; and whose valleys scattered through thirty-five degrees of latitude and thirty-six degrees of longitude are capable of being made to produce the food supply of the world's present population.

There are some, however, who look not for change in industries, but a collapse in the Government, because of the method persisted in of managing the financial question. To the pessimistic critic of Brazilian affairs this steadily increasing debt, this negotiating of new loans to pay interest, seem to doom the Empire to destruction. How long, they ask, can Brazil continue at such a rate? And they answer the question with an ominous shake of the head. "England knows what she is about," they remark. "Brazil is a rich country, and if British subjects lend money to Brazil, Her Majesty's Government will look to

labor is thus supplied to the planter, the freedmen will betake themselves to the cultivation of lands not available for coffee culture, perhaps bringing the worn-out and abandoned plantations to the cultivation of maize and mardioca, thus reclaiming to the Empire thousands of acres that have recome practically worthless.

Another crisis growing out of the labor ques tion has seemed to threaten the Empire. The threat "Down with Monarchy" has not been altogether a silent muttering, notwithstanding the high esteem in which the sovereign is held by the mass of his subjects. The cry was first raised by the inland planters, and it was taken up throughout the land, in no place more readily than in Sao Paulo, the hot-bed of innovations. Paradoxical as it seems, this incipient demand for a democratic government is but the natural reaction from the great popular enthusiasm for the Emancipation Act. Finding themselves at once deprived of their chattels, apparently at the instigation of the Royal family, many of the wealthier planters accuse the Government of direct robbery, and hence of direct tyranny. Although the rising excitement was allayed by the promise of financial aid, and the actual negotiation of the loan, it was one that money could not wholly quiet, the more so in that the demand was already taken up by the leaders who had demanded the abolition of slavery. To ward off this danger required not gold alone, but ditering widespread honors and titles. Four titles are permissible in the Empire—Baron, Count, Viscount and Marquis. The majority of titles heretofore existent were handed down from the days of Portuguese dominion, or from the early days of the Empire. A few have from time to

time been added in recognition of marked ability or distinguished service. Since the 13th of March, however, and especially since the first mutterings of a menacing discontent, these honors have fallen like snow-fakes on those who took a prominent part in the anti-slavery question, or were likely to take part in the anti-monarchical

Until four weeks ago there was still one power Until four weeks ago there was still one powerful antagonist in the field who dealt as sturdy blows against monarchy as he had against slavery. This was Jose do Patrocinio, the mulatto editor of the first Abolition paper owned by a Brazilian, and the most popular orator of the realm. For seventeen years his constant demand had been "Down with Monarchy, the sum of all Slavery." Some four weeks ago, in coming from the crowded cathedral where a church festival was being celebrated, the Princess chanced to meet Patrocinio, who was leading his luttle six-year-old daughter. Instantly Her Royal Highness dropped upon her knees, clasped the child in her arm and pressed her lips warmly against its swarthy cheek. From that moment the father's paper has been mute upon the subject of democraev, and the Royal family has no stancher champion than he.

racy, and the Royal family has no stancher champion than he.

But would the downfall of the Monarchy and the substitution of a popular form of government be a blessing to the people of Brazil. Not a single foreigner I have met who has lived here long enough to understand the Brazilian character but unhesitatingly answers "No."

In the meantime the convalescent Emperor has been welcomed back to his home and his throne. At the approach of the French steamer Congo, on the 22d of August, a great sheet of white cotton, with the word "Salve," in immense letters, waved from the top of Mount Pao do Azuere, anticipating the Emperor's approach, and carrying the word of welcome beyond the sound of voice or boom of cannon. For weeks in advance a crowd of carpenters and other artisans have been at work preparing a special launch vance a crowd of carpenters and other artisans have been at work preparing a special launch to convey him from the ship, and casting up a special highway for the Imperial foot. Hundreds of yards of bunting have fluttered in the breeze in the attempt to express the love of millions of Brazilians for him who, for fifty-seven years has been their head and heart. His health is re-established beyond their most sanguine hopes, and they have been gratified by his presence at the grand ball given in honor of his return. Now he repairs to his favorite country house where loving ministrations will soothe the sorrow that comes to him in the news that awaited him by cable of the death in Europe of his grandson during his own home voyage.

In a street car the other day I met Dona Maria de Andreda, who is thought to be the best educated

In a street car the other day I met Dona Maria de Andreda, who is thought to be the best educated and most cultivated woman in Brazil. She spent four years in New-York, studying the American school system, and took great pleasure in telling me about it. "I understand your school system thoroughly," she said, "and I like it much. It is most admirable. I took two years in the kindergarten, one in the primary schools and one in the high schools. The real foundation of importance is the primary instruction. With one in the high schools. The real foundation of importance is the primary instruction. Without that there is nothing." Then she added an unexpected compliment—"What a line police force you have in the States! Why, I went anywhere by myself, and was not at all afraid. I could even go to the theatre alone, if I wished, and feel no fear. Here in my own city I could not do that."

Dona Maria is the only Brazilian lady who has

Dona Maria is the only Brazilian lady who has Dona Maria is the only Brazilian lady who has yet made a success of public speaking. She devotes her whole energies to the cause of primary instruction, arguing that this is the only foundation upon which a thorough mental and moral development can be based. She is the author of several works on primary instruction, and of the "History of Brazil," recently published in Portuguese by Ginn & Co., of Boston, especially intended for use in the schools of the Empire, where it is having a great success. She has successfully pleaded the interests of the cause nearest her heart before Parliamentary committees, and by rought she delivered not long ago a od by rquest she delivered not long ago a esis on the subject before the Imperial Lyceum, he most erudite and exclusive organization in

She was a neatly dressed, comely looking young woman, and she stood in a Broadway car the other day looking wistfully at an old gentleman. He was a portly old chap, and sat in the middle of the only vacant place in the car, leaving room for no one to sit own on either side of him. He jooked straight ahead. eeming not to see the young woman, and she patiently took hold of a strap and prepared to stand. Just then the tenductor came in, gave the old gentleman a nudge, and gruffly asked him to move to one side. With a grunt, the fat man hitched along a few inches, and the retreating bluecost received a grateful smile from the young woman.

"That thing happens every day," said the collector of fares, as he came back to the rear platform. "The elevated trainmen complain of fat old women, but I complain of fat old men. Most of 'em want to occupy as many seats as they can, and they'll sit there in front as many sears as they can, and they it set to be a so of a whole row of ladies who are standing and never str. Did you ever see one of these fat men stop on the street to talk to anybody? Nine out of ten of 'em will stand right in the middle of the walk and make everybody go round 'em. If I didn't pray to the Virgin Mary mighty hard sometimes I couldn't help giving some of 'em a boost with that there toe. No.

POREIGNERS LEARNING AMERICAN SECRETS. Washington Chat in The Baltimore American.

Washington Chat in The Baltimore American.

A naval efficer to-day, in speaking about the presence of foreigners in the navy, told the following story: "I was sent to Europe not long ago en an important errand, and it became my duty to form the acquaintance of foreign naval efficers, in order to accomplish certain ends I had in view. I may many of them at dinners, receptions and entertainments, and was surprised to find out how well they were informed on American naval affairs. I had occasion to go to Klei, Germany, for the purpose of visiting the dockyards there. I felt sure that my credentials would admit me to inspect the place, but they did not. I tried a little game of getting the desired pass, by reaching the officials through the use of whose and fine dinners. One day a fine-looking German officer met me as I was coming out of my hotel. 'Hello,' said he, shapping me on the shoulder, 'have you got in yet?' He spoke such pure English that for a moment or so I was nonplused."

"No.' I replied, 'will you get me in?"

"I can't'; and thereupon he remarked: 'it is easier to get Into your yards than ours."

"I looked at the officer intently and found by his uniform that he was the cheft saval constructor, and the man of all men in the German navy that I wanted to meet. 'Will you take a glass of wine with me?' I asked. He consented, and we returned to the hotel.

"After a few minutes' conversation we became

to Brazil, Her Majesty's Government will look to it that they get it back with interest. At no distant day Brazil may find herself in the same position as Egypt. If England does not take possession of Brazilian territory as indemnity, she can establish a protectorate over it and collect the revenues till the debt is paid. Americans can have nothing to say about it. The Monroe Doctrine has nothing to do with the case. Brazil never was a republic, or even an attempt at one."

On the other hand, the optimists argue that Brazil never was more prosperous than ste is to-day. Her currency, even paper, is practically at par, a circumstance unknown in the past. Her credit, too, is better than ever before. These sanguine students of political economy think that the greater part of the present loan will be paid to imported laborers, coolies, or possibly Europeans, and that by the introduction of such labor the planters will be enabled to realize greater returns than heretofore and to pay back the loan at an early date. While the need of special labor is thus supplied to the planter, the freedmen

d.' narrative was straightforward, and was so full the contrary, he was not to be hoodwinned. I amwhere Kiel is, and that it has a dockyard, but I'll have to go to Kiel as a German mechanic before I can get inside of that place. This shows how necessary it is to keep an eye on foreigners in our navy yards if we want to keep our secrets.

A NEW FIRE QUICKENER.

From The Boston Transcript.

The servant girl who pours kerosene oil on the fire seems to have disappeared pretty completely. Perhaps she has been to a considerable extent exterminated. At any rate, we don't often read of terminated. At any rate, we don't often read of terminated and conflagration, though the vigilant housekeeper, if she happens into the kitchen, may still detect an odor which tells her that the girl must have poured oil on the kindling either before or after it was ignited. But the Listener has a case which may explain why kerosene accidents are not so frequent. The servant girl has discovered a new fire-quickener.

It was in Boston, and not long ago, that the mistress of a house, not much given to going into the kitchen, entered one day, unexpectedly, just in time to catch her kitchen maid in the act of emptying a spoonful of granulated white sugar into the fire. Sugar is exceedingly inflammable, and its application made the fire flash up in excellent shape. The head of the house had noticed that he was called upon to pay for a great many barrels of sugar, and his wife had wondered at the family's enormous consumption of that article; but she did not wonder any more, especially as the girl, under pressure, confessed that she had regularly been using the sugar to quicken the fire. "Sure, mum," she said, "we must have the fire, an' the coal burns that slow that me heart is broke waitin' on it."

HE HAD BOTH PRIDE AND TASTE, ANYHOW.

BEDELL

AND THE MORAL OF HIM. To look at Bedell, the forger and this, no one rould suspect him of being a rascal. Now that you know he is a rascal, and examine his face and manner with that fact established, you may, per-haps, think you see several things that suggest a criminal tendency. But what face among a thousand could stand such a test? His hair is very coarse and black and his eyebrows almost meet over eyes set snugly under them. Lavater says these features constitute a bad sign, and prints several pages of cuts representing murderers, bandits and other unamiable persons whose hideous mugs bear this sort of demation. But in the pictures he shows there are other ugly characteristics entirely wanting in Bedell's face. Bedell is a small man, undersized as to stature, slight in frame and in movement gentle and unobtrusive. His eyes, despite their ugly position, are large and frank. There is nothing disagreeable in the shape of his face. His mouth and chin are conventional, and his voice is pleasant and firm. That he is an intelligent man does not need to be said, and I cannot wonder that the men who employed him gave him their confidence. The moral to be drawn from the fact that such a man has turned out to be an utterly depraced and worthless scoundrel is obvious enough, and yet how is anything practical to come What does anybody know about anybody How can anything be found out about anybody? Even if the extispicious method of examination were always satisfactory, it is open to the fatal objection that a man's entrails cannot be intruded objection that a man's cattain objection objection that a man's cattain objection obje is a large and necessary condition of civilized life. is a large and necessary

The assumptions must always be in everybody's favor

or no such thing as community of interest could

along the South American and African coasts, but exist. There is no defence nor can there be any from the Bedell class.

He told his story as a witness in the criminal case

against the policy-shop swindler, Emerson, at whose place he says he lost \$125,000. Emerson is a perfect type of the New-York gambling-house proprietor. He has the little, full eyes, the long fox nose, the big, surly mouth, the mottled complexion—all the various features that suggest the low, smart vulture.

They are amphibious, and were formerly found to the stage of development between the seal and the whale various features that suggest the low, smart vulture. Bedell's confession was thorough. Being a lawyer and a sensible thief, he saw that his game was up so soon as Mr. Barlow sent for him and confronted him with one of his victims. He must have realized the same was to same was the same was t all along that sooner or later such a scene must come. The very nature of his crime rendered it impossible to escape detection. In the course of each of these criminal transactions he had to forge half a dozen different signatures. He must have known he could not keep that sort of thing up indefinitely. It seems so strange that rational men, educated, men of affairs, will commit such utterly stupid crimes.

any reference to this remarkable trial to denounce the District-Attorney's office. Possibly the people are tired of listening to indictments against Colonel Fellows. If they are not tired they ought to be made so. It being impossible to get any good out of Fellows as an official, he must at least be utilized as an awful example. Let it not be forgotten that he is spending in the salaries of his assistants \$127,700. which is far more than has ever been paid before; that he has not even a third-rate lawyer in his office; that almost all of them are mere boys, and none is more than a boy in ability or attainment; that the that twenty untried homicides now linger in the instead of attending to his business, spends a great part of his time electioneering around the country.

The young gentleman to whom he intrusted the Jerome, who received the place he holds because he lends to Mr. Jerome a certain associated interest, but it does not entitle him to receive his legal education at the public expense. It is painful to have to say sharp things about amiable young gentlemen who are doing, I suppose, as well as they can. But who want to get their names in the papers, so that after three years of notoriety they can pick up a practice. The case against Emerson was plain and easy. It consisted of asking Bedell enough questions to get his story before the jury. That was the whole of it. Bedell was an excellent witness, and therefore Mr. Jerome had as simple a task as he could possibly have had. But he did not know how to ask questions in order. He would tell Bedell to describe a certain paper without first showing that the paper could not be produced. He would assumall sorts of things in his questions, and when Mr. Howe objected, the Recorder would have to straighten things out. In fact, not only is the city paying out its money for a service that it does not get, not only act as prosecutors also. A considerable part of Re-corder Smyth's time is occupied in teaching Colonel Fellows's young men how to practice, how to ask

questions and how to draw up papers.

Bedell's story was fatal to Emerson. He had previously pleaded guilty. Any other plea would have been folly since he had confessed to Mr. Barlow when he was first accused. When he took the stand therefore he had disarmed Mr. Howe by putting himself as low as anybody could put him. Neverthe-less he had to endure a fearful castigation. Howe started in with this playful question, "When did you begin to steal, Mr. Bedell?" It must be very trying to be addressed as "Mr." and with every accent and manner of deference and respect, while the words im-ply that you are a hardened thief. Bedell told him. It was in 1873. "O, yes," said Howe, as if the mention of the date brought it all back to his mind, "you robbed a man named Armstrong of \$1,000, didn't you, Mr. Bedell?"

"Yes," said Bedell, "I did."

One of the subtle points in cross-examination may one of the sadde points. Howe, knowing criminals as he does, through and through, expected Bedell to lie about the 1873 case. Seeing that Bedell was too smart to lie, Howe adopted another policy instantly, and impressed the jury with his amazing knowledge of all the secret and criminal

chapters of Bedell's history.

But the forger showed his sense by making a clean breast of everything and the way he did it convicted Emerson. He attempted no evasion, professed no hypocritical remorse, but like a man who saw that the worst was upon him, he showed himself calmly prepared to take it. When Howe said "thief" or forger " or "scoundrel," he bent an acquiescent head. He acknowledged that in less than four years he had stolen sums that in principal and interest would amount to \$205,000. Directly below him as he gave his evidence sat ex-Judge Shipman and Mr. Larocque, members of the firm he han swindled. He said they had been kind to him, had lent him money and then cancelled the debts thus created, had made him presents time and again, and all the while he was robbing them. Yes, he was married, and he had two children, and here he looked so much like breaking down that Mr. Howe, who didn't want him to excite any sympathy for himself, shot off at once in another direction. It was a mistake to ask him about his family, and the mistake was made worse when Mr. Howe inquired if he was a member of a church.

"Not now," said Bedell.
"I hope not," replied the lawyer, "but you have

"Yes." "Of what church?" "Don't ask me that," pleaded Bedell. "Why should you want to east odium on the church I at-

Mr. Howe got out of this well, but it was bad to get into it. "You are right. Bedell," he said. ithdraw the question. There is something decent left in you, after all."

Emerson had no defence, and what he attempted in lieu of defence was despicable. He brought a de-graded creature into court, brazen of face and all de-kel out in black lace and jet trappings, and attempted to prove, by confronting the witness with her, that he had spent his stolen fortune in debaucheries. Bedell was asked if he knew Blanche Something or other.

He said no. "What!" thundered the lawyer.

"I don't know her."
"Is Miss Creature in court!" asked Mr. Howe, calling her name. She stood up apparently indifferent to the hundred eyes that were turned toward her. The lawyer dramatically walked from his place down to where she was standing and led her directly up to the bar of

"Now don't you know this lady !" he asked. "No," said Bedell. "And yet I may have met her." "Oh! indeed! You may have met her! If you

This was said so wearily, so dolefully, that its truth was felt by every one in the room. The expedient had failed, and the abomination who had shared

his \$1,000 was permitted to sneak out of the court-Of course the downfall of Bedell and his kind can not be attributed to the Emersons. They only lead the Bedells on. They do not supply a dishe character. There are hosts of them in New-York, and there always will be. When there exists a large criminal population, using the word "criminal" in a broad sense, there will always be gambling dens and no possible system of police espionage will chase them away. This is not said to excuse police derelic The gamblers undoubtedly buy immunity

What, by the way, has become of Henry, the lawyer who cashed the forger's checks? Bedell says he gav Henry from \$100 to \$500 on each transaction. makes Henry a knowing accomplice. But nothing has been heard of his arrest.

SEA COWS AT THE MUSEUM.

THEY WERE KILLED AND EATEN-THEIR BE MAINS FOR THE MUSEUM COLLECTION

Jeauness Richardson, the taxidermist at the Museum of Natural History, has been occupied for a week with the preparation of two sea-cows, or manatees, fo the Museum collection. They were purchased for the Museum by Morris K. Jessup, the president. These are especially interesting from belonging to the specie which were formerly found in the Florida rivers they differ in several important features from the Florida sea-cow.

The manatee in appearance is like a small whale long, and the body at its thickest portion three feet stage of development between the seal and the whale. They are amphibious, and were formerly found in feetly harmless, living on grasses and other vegetable shaped like hands. They will dive and remain under the water for several minutes, but are obliged, like the whale or the seal, to come to the surface at i tervals to breathe. The Museum specimens are a male and a female

both young. They were brought to the city on

sailing vessel last summer from Florida and pur

owner placed them in a large tank, where they swan about and fed on the freshly cut grass which wa furnished them. They became so tame that their ing their tank, or would stand on the back of one of them while it carried him around the tank. owner at first refused to sell them, but having n facilities to care for the animals during the winter when they are extremely susceptible to the cold, h was obliged reluctantly to let them go, and his family were overcome with grief at the loss. At the Mu seum Mr. Richardson kept them alive for some time, as all the officials became attached to them, and it was an unpleasant duty to kill them. If the menagerie in Central Park had had the means to care for the manatees, Director Conhiln would have taken charge of them for the winter.

The sea cow is regarded as a great delicacy in the localities where they are found, and they are hunted largely for food. In Catholic communities it is said the priests classify them as fish, and when a sea cow is taken on a Friday the priest and his parishioners are able to participate in the delicacy on that day. When the manatees were killed at the Museum, the cateror who provides the meals in the building for the curators and their staff was furnished with the choice steals, tenderloins, roasts and ribs, and for a week sea-cow steals has been on the bill of fare. Some difference exists as to flavor of the meat, which all pronounced excellent, either as fish, flesh or low! Mr. Richardson thought the steaks had the juley flavor of the buildlo, while Professor Bickmore, whose gastronomic experience in his varied travely over the earth has been large, was certain that he detected the peculiar flavor which Chinese epicures extol in birds nests, and Professor Allen, the ornithologist, found in the neat that wild and gamey flavor which is only possessed by a few birds. It was intended to send a few of the choicest steaks to President Jesup, but his absence from the city prevented his enjoyment of the delicacy. Mr. Richardson expects to have the sheltons of the manatees set and the skins prepared for the Museum collections of mammals during the winter, with that of Mr. Crowley, the chimpanzee, who is undergoing the same process. If the menagerie in Central Park had had the means

BLONDIN WRITES ABOUT HIMSELF.

From his paper in Lippincott's Magazine.

A rope-walker is like a poet, born and not made. I myself began to toddle along a rope when I was only four years old, and in my eighth year I gave a special exhibition on the high rope before the king at Turin. It is a usual thing, no doubt, for the approximation of the superior of th

prentices in a creus to be begin a few of them even gether other lessons, but only a few of them even gether of the art. The usual system of teaching is to make the pupil walk along a narrow board the width of which is duity decreased until it be barely thicker than an ordinary rope. Posturing and the assumption of graceful attitudes are taught in the manner, and finally the pupil is introduced to the rope itself.

The apparatus which a leading rope-walker uses appears in the public eyes to be simple enough, but in reality it has to be constructed and arranged with the greatest of care. The rope is self-with the self-walker with the control of the covered with the best Manilla hemp, and is about an inch and three-quarters in diameter. It is several hundred yards in length, and the cost may be \$500. The rope is coiled from either end on two large windlasses, and when supported by two high poses the windlasses are turned until the rope is stretched perfectly taut. It takes me, as a rule, several days to adjust this simple apparatus to perfection—a fact which caused me to abandon my performances at staten Island, where it was necessary to remove the rope after each exhibition. At the top of each pole is a small platform, for the purpose of resting; and on one of these platforms I usually place a temporary dressing-room, where I can make necessary changes in my attire. I may mention here that the suit of armor in which I first appear is of great weight and exquisite workmanship, the guantes having once belonged to the celebrated tenor, Mario. As a rule, my other costumes are of the least possion, weight, while the shars are an ordinary pair of fine leather ones, with soft soles. It is, I think, a popular error to suppose that a rope-walker's feet are exceptionally large or muscular. Mine, I am told, are rather below than above the ordinary size.

It is, I think, a popular error to suppose that a rope-walker's feet are exceptionally large or muscular. Mine, I am toid, are rather below than above the ordinary size.

The balancing-pole, I suppose, fairly comes within the classification of apparatus. In my own case it is made of ash, is about twenty-six feet long, and weighs some forty or fifty pounds. It is made in three pieces, so as to be easily taken apart and to occupy but little space when I am travelling. Naturally, my journeys into every quarter of the civilized world have taught me to reduce my baggage to the smallest possible dimensions; but, as it is, I am forced to carry a great deal, and when I visited Australia years ago I remember I carried over sixty tons of baggage with me.

I am often asked as to my sensations when walking the rope; but if by that is meant whether I feel fear or nervousness, I must answer decidedly in the negative. When walking I look some eighteen or twenty feet ahead of me, and whistle sofity or hum a snatch of, a song, as the humor may setze me. I also invariably keep time in my step to the music the band is playing, and I find that helps me wonderfully in preserving my balance. With my own weight and that of the balancing pole, there must be about 230 pounds bearing on the rope, which naturally gives considerably, this sagging being one of the chief difficulties we have to encounter in keeping our balance. I prefer to perform in the appen air; for in a hail or a theatre, even of the largest dimensions, the visiated air found at the elevation at which my rope is always stretched is most unpleasant to breathe.

Nowalays I never practise, and even my most difficult tricks, such as turning a somersault over a chair placed in the middle of the rope and landing with my feet on the other side of it, are usually performed without premediation, just as the whim situation of the slight amount of practice. As an illustration of the slight amount of practice i require for a new trick, I may mention my bleyde act. Some years ago, w

who probably thought I had been practising for months.

I never take any stimulant before walking the rope, and take no special pains to keep myself in good condition. My attendant rubs me down carefully when my journey is ended, and then I take some light refreshment. Otherwise I only live plainly and regularly, merely avoiding eating a heavy meal shortly before a performance. Finally, I may say that I prefer exhibiting without a net stretched below me. I think it would make me so nervous as almost to lead to the accident against which it is intended as a safeguard.

If I myself do not feel nervous, I am afraid the many persons I have carried on my back across the rope have felt a trifle perturbed, save when they have been professional assistants. In reality there is nothing in the world for them to be afraid of. All they have to do is to sit perfectly still, refrain from clutching me too tightly around the neck, and leave the rest to me. When I am carrying any one over for the first time, I chat to him continuously on any different subjects I can think about, and try in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always and I always in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always and I always in the manner to relieve his anxiety and I always and I always

for her, wouldn't you have remembered it?"

"Probably not. As a matter of fact I have not spent as much as \$1,000 of the money I took in dissipation. Within the possibilities of that limit, however, all you insinuate may be true. When I am intoxic-red my mind leaves me completely."

"New for the first time, I chat to him continuously on any different subjects I can think about, and Ir in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always content though, he never seems quite happy, and I always defect a gasp of relief when the end of the rope and the platform are reached. More than once the victim has devoutly exclaimed, "Never again ?"

HUNTING A BOX.

MEANDERINGS ON WEST STREET. A couple of months ago I had a small box shipped here to me as freight and, after waiting a reasonable length of time, concluded to go around to the various freight depots and see if it had arrived. I first went over on the west side of the town to a large building into which a small locomotive with a shell on it like a turtle was drawing freight cars, and asked a man, who was looking out of a porthole, about This man was very gentlemanly and told me to

stand right up and look in the porthole and make myself at home. He read the paper I was armed with through a couple of times and gazed out of the window in a hazy sort of way while he committed i to memory. I then identified myself by means of some letters I happened to have in my pocket. Then he gave me back my paper and told me that it was not in his department, and that I wanted to see Mr. White. I went around through a couple of doors and found White. He was glad to see me, and said and looked some like rain. I told my story and he seemed to be interested right away. After question-ing me a while and fixing the reading matter in the paper I carried firmly in his memory, he said that he had nothing to do with it—that I should see Mr. J. P. Robinson. I approached J. P. Robinson with my He dropped all other business and tened kindly, remarking cheerfully as I finished that it looked as if we were going to have settled weather at last. Though already committed to heavy rains I assented. Mr. Robinson carefully took down my name and address on a slip of paper, looked in a large book with a canvas counterpane on it, and directed me to see Mr. Johnson. Johnson shook hands, read my freight receipt carefully, said he thought the prospect for Harrison's election excellent, and advised me to see Mr. Collins. Collins greeted me cheerily and sent me to Mr. T. H. Robinson. T. H. Robinson smiled a non-committal smile and set me on the road to Mr. Brown. From Brown I journeyed to Humphrey. From Humphrey to Thomas was not far. Mr. Thomas thought a long time and came to the conclusion that Mr. J. P. Robinson was the man I wanted to see. I explained that I had seen him. and then he admitted that per haps it was T. H. Robinson-he was of the opinion that it lay in the Robinson family somewhere. I started for the Robinson neighborhood, he remarked that it looked to him as if Cleveland was the man that it looked to him as if Cleveland was the man again. T. H. Robinson thought I ought to see Mr. Lucas, while J. P. Robinson leaned to the view that Mr. Malloy would be more apt to be the right person. I saw them both and Mr. Lucas proved to be the man. He looked over a lot of obling pleees of paper and told me that my box wasn't there. He advised me to go to Pier 14. North River, old number 17, foot of Liberty-st., and see if I could find anything of my property. As I passed out a man who had a desk near the door remarked that so far as he could see the prospects for Belva Lockwood's election were never brighter.

I went over in West-st. and walked along down town. I passed a large number of men in the pocketcomb, kitchen tinware or Concord grape business. There was a large sign on one building which read "Men wanted to go on whaling voyages. P. S.-Men preferred that ain't afraid of whales." A tall man with very sloping shoulders was reading it, and I asked him if he thought of going on a whaling trip. He took a piece of dark-colored tobacco out of his pocket, and after cutting it in two and putting the larger piece in his mouth, he said he guessed not. He believed, on the whole, that he was afraid of whales. He had no desire, he continued, to go to fooling around a whale, trying to enare it till he got it cross and having it come at him with its mouth open. Some men might like to fool around a wild whale till they got bit, but he didn't. Even Scripture was agin it. Joh had more respect for whales after he got through with 'em than when he begun. On the whole, the tall man said, he wanted something quiet and not demerous, and i directed his attention to a United States Army recruiting office a few doors below, and he said he would look into it. He had no desire, he continued, to go to fooling around

I finally arrived at the right pier and the clerk seemed to be glad I had called. I told my story in a few carefully selected words and he read my paper and looked over a pile of his own. Then he said that he was sorry, but that they didn't have my box. He said boxes frequently had a peculiar way of n freight wasn't paid on mine he thought it would turn up all right. A well-managed company never lost any unpaid freight. He said that the great secret of running a railroad and paying a good dividend was in losing all the prepaid freight early in the trip and then filling up the train with unpaid shipments. He said I better go up to Pier 42, old number 36, and see what I could find. He accompanied me to the door and said he hoped I would come around next week, when they were going to renumber all the piers again and have a little celebration in honor

On my way to Pier 42 it occurred to me that it would not be a bad idea to refresh myself with an oyster on the half shell at one of the stands along the sidewalk, where they are placed within the reach ing one boot and one shoe and gave my order. He reached under his counter and brought up an oyster with a long metallic nozzle on it and a green label reading "Pure Bay Rum." I asked him if it was customary to give the oyster a shampoo and a stylish hair cut as well as bay rum, when he explained that the bottle contained vinegar, though it formerly held bay rum, and he had not found time to remove the label. After making the oyster's tollet with the aid of the bottle, I swallowed it. The man took back the shell and adjusted another oyster in it and began looking for the next customer. He said it was the only shell he had, but he couldn't complain, as the business was pretty good. He had thought at first of getting in two shells, but it didn't seem to be necessary. He warned me against unscrupulous dealers who ddn't have any shell at all, but served their oysters out of an iron spoon, and I made way for a man with a panorama of the battle of Trafalgar on his arms. customary to give the oyster a shampoo and a stylish

The clerk at Pier 42 said my box had not arrived The cierk at Pier 42 said my box had not arrived there. He asked me if I was sure I had a box coming anyhow, and wanted to know if I had tried at Pier 23, old number 19, or Pier 8, new number 10. He also thought I was making a mistake if I neglected to cultivate the foot of Desbrosses.st. and the river from between Duane-st. and Park place. He thought, too, that I might be able to do something at the foot of Barclay-st. if I struck the region on a good day for heavy. In fact, the said there was good hunting all boxes. In fact, he said, there was good hunting all the way from the Battery to Yonkers, and he wished me all the success in the world. I went out and boarded a Belt Line car, and found that I had for gotten all he had told me, except that I was to go to potten all he had told me, except that I was to go Pler 3, but whether it was the old or new number or the one it was going to have, I could not remember. I decided to go to all the number 8s there were. The trip on the car was quite uneventful, though we stopped and our driver had a fight with the driver that the left hand. trip on the car was quite uneventful, though we stopped and our driver had a fight with the driver of an ash-cart who insisted on having the left-hand wheel of his cart ride up on the right-hand step of the forward platform of our car. We, and by we I mean our driver, had to pound the ash-cart man around in the mud a long time before we could teach him his place. He was one of the most unreasonable ash-cart men that I ever met. He didn't seem to know when he had got enough, but kept fighting long after he was besien. Our driver had him down fair and square, and was holding him there, but still this absurd ash-man hung on to our driver's ear with his teeth and refused to recognize the fact, obvious to every one in the car, that he was defeated. Even when our driver, for the sake of the argument, admitted that he himself was whipped, this ridiculous ash-man wasn't satisfied, but chased him clear to the car on the run. Somebody in the car was so linguished as to laugh at the ash-man because he had mid on his face, and he started for the rear door, and was going to come in and do up the whole crowd, we all looked hard and indignantly at a fat man who hadn't thought of haughing, and the ash-man would have pulled him through the window if our driver hadn't started up and nearly run over two ladies in getting out of the way. Our driver looked back in, and said that the next time he took a half-hour of his time to pound a man he would select one who was open to conviction.

At Pier 8 the man was extremely pleasant, but wanted to know if I had money enough to pay the freight in case they had the box. He warned me

wanted to know if I had money enough to pay the freight in case they had the box. He warned me freight in case they had the box. He warned me against asking for credit. It was easier, he remarked as he opened a large book, for a camel to look through the eye of a needle than for a man to get freight out of their depot without the cash. However, they didn't have it, he added, upon making an examination, but he advised me, in case I still thought I had a box coming, to go to Pier 21. I had no success there, and afterward examined Pier 13, Pier 23, new number 22: Pier 13, new number 11, and Pier 29, with equally satisfactory results. The foot of North Moore'st, brought nothing, in which it bore a painful resemblance to the foot of Carlislesst. I fittled from Pier 3 to Pier 30, old number 33. I made the acquaintance of Pier 9, and temporarily rested at the foot of Vestry-st. I rehearsed sadly at the foot of Jay-st, and became not unknown at Pier 2. At last, to make a clean sweep, I went from Pier 1 to Little Twelfth'st. needing many old friends and hearing many kind words. I found nothing of my box, however, and as it was now growing dark and most of the offices were closed, I went home.

Some four weeks then elapsed, in which I kept away from Wost-st, and gave the people a chance to change the numbers of the piers again, putting in the time pleasantly in corresponding with the agent from where the box was shipped. He referred to it as "one case miscellancous goods, weighing 200 pounds, and valued at \$2.50," and said he had sent a bright-red tracer after it. I was totally unacquainted with the nature or habits of a red tracer, but was considerably comforted to know that something was being done. The agent explained that in case the box was lost I would have a valid claim against the company for its value, \$2.50, less the against asking for credit. It was easier, he remarked

thing was being done. The agent explained that in case the box was lest I would have a valid claim against the company for its value, \$2.50, less the amount of the freight, to the point where it dropped out of sight, which would probably not much exceed this sum though he could not say positively. He seemed anxious to do everything in his mover to hair

me, and wrote long letters about way-bills, getting me so much interested in them that I hope aume time to find out what a way-bill is.

One day last week I concluded to go around and again see my friends at the piers, thinking that perhaps the red tracer might have become strayed, as even red tracers will, and was, as I may say, barking up the wrong tree. I went first to the place where I had started in before, and approached the man at the port-hole. He shook hands warmly, and told me to stick my head right through the noise and feel that I was welcome. He then looked in a large book, and said that my box had arrived the next day after I was there before. The freight was 26, which I paid. He then said there was a little matter of storage, amounting to 26 75, which I could pay now, or live would store it for me to November I for an even 410, and 83 per month after that, payable monthly. I did not have 26 75 with me. I turned away from the port-hole, walked over to Pier 28, old number 41, looked down into the Hudson, and silently wepts.

GOSSIP OF THE BALL FIELD END OF THE NEW-YORK-ST. LOUIS SERIES.

PLANS FOR NEXT YEAR ALREADY TALKED ABOUT

-WARD'S PROBABLE RELEASE.

St. Louis, Oct. 24.-The New-York baseball nime. although winning the highest green-diamond honors this year, is making extensive arrangements for next season's battles. Said Manager Mutrie to-day : a manager, nowadays, to keep up with the times, must work the whole year round. They say a woman's work is never done, and that fits our case exactly. I am now arranging a tour for my players similar to that made last spring. We will go to Havana, Cuba, however, instead of making a trip through the Southern States. We expect to start about March 1, but we may go earlier than that. We will return to New-York early in April, probably by April 1. strenghtened, as it will be by those heavy-batting Detroit players, ought to make worthy foes for us next year. Still, I think we will be able to beat them out. Our team will prove just as good in batting and fielding as the Boston nine, while I think we will surpass them in pitching and base-running Crane will be a wonderful pitcher next year. Im fact, I consider him as good as any man in the profession to-day. Crane will take his regular turn next year with Keefe and Welch, and his work will surprise some people."

The story that started from Pittsburg on Tuesday that Von der Ahe had made serious charges against Umpires Kelly and Gaffney was largely fiction. Von der Ahe, in the expressive language of sport, is a "hard loser." His career in the American Association has been a triumphant one, and he did not know what defeat meant until his team was so badly beaten by the Detroit club last fall. Still, even he ascribed the defeat of his team largely to hard luck. He entered the present series against the New-York team confident, as were many other people, that the St. Louis team would have an easy victory. Now he knows that his club is outclassed, and the knowledge is a bitter pill to swallow. He looks back over the field and sees that he has really accomplished little instead of the mammoth things he thought he had. Like any baseball manager who is entirely wrapped up in his own club, he can see few virtues in any other team. He wants all close decisions in favor of his own club. He has not got them all in this series; hence the trouble. writer, however, has witnessed all the games played between New-York and St. Louis, and can say that the present umpiring has been as accurate as any ever done in this country. Any unbiassed baseball man will acknowledge that neither team, so far, has been favored by the decisions of the umpires. The New-York club has simply outplayed its opponents at every point, and, naturally enough, has won the majority of the games. Von der Ahe feels grieved over the defeat of his pets, but has not made any charges again-a the honesty of either umpire. He told the writer so this morning. Captain Comiskey said the same thing, remarking: "Oh that story came from Pittsburg, and that alone ought to condemn it. The tale made a great deal of hard feeling and Kelly and Gaffney. threatened to resign at once. Gaffney, by the way, will, in all probability be a League umpire next year. He all but admits that his days as an Association umpire are over. He will be a valuable addition to the League staff.

Brooklyn baseball news is obtainable even out here, across the Mississippi. Many predictions have been made about the management of the Brooklyn team next year. Harry Wright, the veteran Quaker manager, was the first one mentioned and John Morrill, the present player-manager of the Boston club, was also talked of as Brooklyn's future manager. Although qualified in every way to manage any team, neither of these men will hold the reins of government over the Brooklyn team next season. The present manager, J. H. McGunnigle, will have charge and probably has been signed by this time. It was not McGunnigle's fault that the Brooklyn club did not win the championship this year. He has worked laboriously in the ship this year. He has worked laboriously in the interest of the club in spite of the little recognition he has received from the public. McGunnigle is popular with the players and there is probably not a man on the team who wishes to see him so. He can win the championship for the Brooklyn club next season if he has entire control of the players. The hestowal of this authority rests with the directors and owners of the club, but it is the writer's opinion than they will vest McGunnigle with the full authority.

Ward, Crane and Foster will not return East with the other New-York players. Foster will go to his home in Minneapolis as soon as the present series with St. Louis is finished. Crane and Ward will make straight for California, where they will join the Spalding party, already on its way for the Antipodes. Tiernan will not go to Australia. He said to-day that when he made the contract with Spalding to go to Australia he meant to keep it and looked forward to the trip with a great deal of pleasure. Since then, to the trip with a great deal of pleasure. Since then, however, he has had a great deal of trouble with his stomach and is afraid that such a trip might do him a great deal of injury. He will instead go to Havana with the other young players of the New-York club in March. Ward predicts a successful tour in Australia and a most enjoyable time for the players who make the trip. Mrs. Helen Danvray Ward will accompany her husband.

The enigma where Ward will play next season is as unsolvable at present as it was three weeks ago. The matter has not been talked about much except by people who know much less than one would imagine by hearing their wild utterances. Ward's ambition is to captain and manage some nine and he recognizes now that that nine will never be the New-York team. now that that nine will never be the New-York team. He likes New-York and is satisfied with his treatment there, but his ambition is greater than his appreciation and he may go to some other nine when that ambition can be gratified. It may be Boston and it may be some other club. Boston will pay more for Want's release than Indianapolis will and the bean-eaters will probably get the player. Many people will be sorry to see Ward leave the New-York team. Ho is a gentlemanty fellow as well as a brilliant player. Still, if he is not satisfied with his position, he is probably better out of the team than in it. Many of the players, think that Elmer Foster would make a great infielder and that fleet-footed young man may play in an infield position for the Giants next year.

The present series between the New-York and St. Louis clubs has shown some interesting facts. The present Association champions are hardly in the same class as New-York. Many people thought that the Westerners' vim, determination and sprinting abilities would make them formidable opponents for the slower Giants, but this has been a mistake. The batting done in the Philadelphia game was a surprise even to the veteran baseball managers present. The hall went out like a rith shot and many recoult remarked. went out like a rifle shot and many people remarked went out like a rifle shot and many people remarked that it was the finest exhibition of scientific batting they had ever seen. Comiskey stood on first base and as he saw his pet pitcher getting slaughtered tears came into his eyes and he looked the most miserable man on earth. Comiskey acknowledges that he has not the batters to defeat such a team as New-York's. White has played poorly for St. Louis in the series, but the whole blame for St. Louis's defeat does not rest on his broad shoulders, as some people seem to think.

A SUPERSTITIOUS BALL PLAYER.

From The Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A gentleman privileged to occupy a seat on the players' beneb during a recent game between the lersey City and Scranton clubs, at the former city, was a witness to the incident which, it is his belief, was never made public, and also that it is the only was never made public, and also that it is the only hobby of the kind ever indulged in by a player. Shortly before it became time for the genial Pat Friel to take his turn at the bat he took up his stick, patted it affectionately, and then struck it two or three times with his knuckies, as if rapping for admission at a door, following this up by placing his ear against the bat, as if listening for a reply. It apparently came in a few seconds, and he becam talking a la telephone.

"Helio! Helio! Well, what is it?"
Another imaginary reply followed, this one apparently being as to his identity, when he again the parently being as to his identity, when he again in his head doubtfully); two? Yes, that's all right; good-bye, and he stepped to the plate and made a corking two-bagger to left. The listener was much amused by the incident, and after the game took occasion to ask one of the Jersey City team, who is a great favorite in New-York, what he meant.

"Oh," said he, "that is a common occurrence. It is a great hebby of Pat's he communes with his bat of the plant of the pl